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SONGS, DUETS, TRIOS,

CHORUSSES, &c. 3 F 8

IN THE

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EGYPTIAN FESTIVAL.

AN OPERA, IN THREE ACTS.

AS PERFORMED AT THE

Theatre-Royal Drury-Lane.



THE MUSIC COMPOSED BY MR. FLORIO.

LONDON.

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AND SOLD AT THE THEATRE.

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1800.

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DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

EGYPTIANS.

<i>Mustapha Muley Bey,</i>	Mr. RAYMOND.
<i>Ali Hassan,</i>	Mr. HOLLAND.
<i>Murteza,</i>	Mr. C. KEMBLE.
<i>Jaffa,</i>	Mr. CAULFIELD.
<i>Priest,</i>	Mr. CORY.
<i>Tezid, (Chief of the Arabs)</i>	Mr. DIGNUM.
<i>Kedah,</i>	Mr. SURMONT.
<i>Uscola,</i>	Mr. SUETT.
<i>Zemira,</i>	Madame MARA.
<i>Nigra,</i>	Mrs. BLAND.

ENGLISH.

<i>Governor,</i>	Mr. POWELL.
<i>Boomley,</i>	Mr. KELLY.
<i>Mainstay,</i>	Mr. SEDGWICK.
<i>Officer,</i>	Mr. WEBB.
<i>Cook,</i>	Mr. SPARKS.
<i>Longbow,</i>	Mr. BANNISTER.
<i>Violetta,</i>	Miss STEPHENS.
<i>Jackina,</i>	Miss DECAMP.

Chorus—Mamelukes, Arabs, &c.

The Scene, throughout, lies in Egypt.

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SONGS, &c.
IN
THE EGYPTIAN FESTIVAL.

ACT I.

Chorus of Mamelukes.

SOUND the music, raise the song,
And the gladsome notes prolong,
While they reach the vaulted skies,
See the sun of Egypt rise.

CHORUS.—*Zemira, Nigra, and Attendants.*

'Tis to thee, lovely fair, for whom nature, so gay,
Has display'd all her charms, to cheer thy fond way,
That thy slaves, in delight, raise in chorus their voice,
To sing forth the praise of great Mustapha's choice.
May thy future hours be ne'er clouded by sorrow,
But the bliss of each day be surpass'd by the morrow.

Zem. For me, alas ! no joys are left,
No mortal heaves a sigh,
Of all the sweets of love bereft,
Zemira longs to die.

'Tis to thee, &c.

SONGS, &c. IN THE

AIR.—*Zemira*.

YE spirits dark, ye fiends accurst,
Forth from your dreary confines burst;
And brand your torches dread;
Convulsive anguish mar the rest,
Of ev'ry TYRANT's tortur'd breast,
Unknown to virtue bred:
But, chief, may Conscience's keen dart
Convert *his* proud obdurate heart
From which fair Mercy's fled.

BALLAD.—*Nigra*.

OH! red look'd the sun, on that sad, fatal day,
When poor me from my country white man tore
away,
While wringing his hands, BAMBRA sigh'd on the
shore
“ My NIGRA, alas! is no more.”

The sea it was troubled, and loud roar'd the wind,
My heart too was troubled for him left behind;
Then BAMBRA's hard lot all true lover's deplore,
For he now, alas! is no more.

As the breeze swell'd the sea, so with grief swell'd
his heart,
For he vow'd that from NIGRA he'd ne'er live apart;
So he plung'd in the sea, and far from the shore,
He sunk, and, alas! is no more.

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DUET.—*Uscala and Nigra.*

Uscala.—OH! my heart is sore wounded with love,
I protest,
For without you, dear damsel, I ne'er can be blest ;
To forget you I try,
But, may I soon die,
If ever I can be at rest !
No, no.—

Nig.—O! you restless old men are a plague and a pest,
Sure wid dem poor woman can never be blest ;
For dem fidget and scold,
Cough, wheeze, and are cold,
And never can dem be at rest.
No, no.—

Usc.—You're a jilt, Ma'am, I vow.

Nig.—How him scold and swear now.

Usc.—That you lov'd me these eyes oft have swore,

Nig.—De be very bad eyes, to have told you such
lies,
And you fool if you credit dem more.

DUET.—*Zemira and Nigra.*

THE slaves, beneath a fervid sky,
Their native soil still mourn,
Ask, from their RADIANT GOD, to die,
That home they may return ;

SONGS, &c. IN THE

Thus must I mourn, from thee remov'd,
And anguish sole is mine,
But in each state by thee belov'd,
My heart shall beat to thine.

We part, perhaps, but for a while,
Then joy succeeds to pain,
Sweet as when in the sultry clime
The slave meets peace again.

Then welcome joy, and welcome glee,
And peace without alloy,
Where never-ceasing harmony
Our sufferings wake to joy.

AIR.—*Longbow.*

When I drink the purple juice,
Oh, what pleasure then is mine,
Wonders can the tree produce,
Sacred to the God of Wine.
When the flowing bowl I drain,
Rapt'rous joys the draught can give,
Then I'm free from care and pain,
Then alone I'm sure I live.

When I taste the luscious grape,
Ever happy, full of mirth,
I assume a nobler shape,
I'm the wisest dog on earth.

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Ah! but when with wine I sip
That far sweeter cup of love,
Imag'd by my charmer's lip,
Blest am I as Gods above.

AIR.—*Violetta.*

CALM, as the bosom of the main,
When Halcyons build their nest,
Will be, when I my love regain,
This poor, fond, trembling breast.

But not more troubled are the waves,
When roaring thunders roll,
Than is, while he the ocean braves,
My ever aching soul.

Yet, O return, ye happy days,
Which love and joy impart,
Let me once more enraptur'd gaze,
And press him to my heart.

B

ACT II.

AIR.—*Yezid.*

As when through desarts, desolate and wide,
 In numbers strong, the hardy travellers go,
 Sudden the sands on whirlwinds dreadful ride,
 Rush o'er the host, and bury all below !

So, when the field the troops of Muley gain,
 Instant we'll rise, and soon, in proud array,
 Move our firm columns o'er the martial plain,
 O'erwhelming all that dare oppose our way.

Chorus.—We'll fight ! we'll fight ! we'll fight !
 Till Death or Victory crown the day.

SONG.—*Longbow.*

WHATE'ER the lover's tale may be,
 I quickly can divine,
 For when the ZODIAC I see,
 I mark 'em in the *sign*.

Thus CANCER, CAPRICORN, LEO,
 TAURUS, GEMINI, or SCORPIO,
 ARIES, PISCES, SAGITARIUS,
 LIBRA, VIRGO, or AQUARIUS.
 Tell me true, by beast or fish,
 All and every thing I wish.

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The soldier, there, in LEO bows,
And soon the virgin wins;
The VIRGIN offers up her vows
To GEMINI—the TWINS.

Thus Cancer, &c.

But married once (ah! should I blab
A truth so pitiful)
I find the lady in the Crab,
The husband in the BULL.

Thus Cancer, &c.

DUET.—*Nigra and Zemira.*

Nigra.—HEAR my sad plaint! oh! pity my anguish!

For here, alas! am I doom'd to languish.

Zem.—Sweet Hope alone can ease my sorrow,

And make me patient wait the morrow.

Both.—While thus my joy confessing,

What pleasure feels my heart,

Again my friend possessing,

We never more will part.

AIR.—*Jackina.*

OH! pies on this fighting, this terrible war,
It has robb'd me of Willy, that true hearted tar,
Who kiss'd me so sweet, and again and again:
It has robbed me of WILLY, the dearest of men!

So I left my country, thus dress'd as a boy,
 To go follow my Willy, my life and my joy;
 Tho' I lov'd my dad, and he fondly lov'd me,
 He was not half so dear to me, Willy, as thee.

CHORUS OF WOMEN.

HAIL, lovely fair, supremely blest,
 In bliss thy future hours shall move;
 No care shall reach the happy breast
 Our mighty monarch deigns to love:

Yes, here in pleasure shalt thou reign,
 In us thou nought but love shalt view;
 And, though a captive, ne'er complain—
 Thy conq'ror is a captive too.

AIR.—*Violetta.*

No dungeons I dread, no prisons I fear,
 My chains will be light, my cell will be dear;
 Yes, all will be joy, so thou art not near:
 Ah! banish my griefs; ah! quell my alarms;
 Condemn me to death, but not to those arms.

Stranger, adieu! every blessing be thine;
 Despair not, but trust to the power divine;

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For to thee the protection of virtue was given,
And the champion of virtue's the champion of heaven:

Ah, send me hence, in pity, pray,
To dungeons dire, to prisons bare;
Tho' ever barr'd from cheerful day,
Still shall I joy so thou'rt away,
Be happy if thou'rt not there.

SONG.—*Mainstay.*

THE sailors; bold, at dangers smile;
With jocund note, each day are found
To sing, amid their rudest toil,
Responsive to the storms around:

For, like the billows swell their hearts
With courage, as the compass true,
When from the topmast Jack imparts,
“A sail, a sail, now heaves in view.”

No dangers dread that sailor's mind,
Who cheerful seeks an honest fame,
For he aloft a friend will find,
Whose country's good his deeds proclaim.

Forlike, &c.

AIR.—*Boonily.*

Now gladsome Egypt sees the tide
 Of fertile Nile its bounty spread,
 While jocund Health, fair Nature's pride,
 Along by laughing Plenty's led.
 Thus cheerful would my heart rejoice,
 Could I but hear my charmer's voice.

CHORUS.

Where blooms the never dying rose,
 Blest shade of Ali still repose—
 GREAT and GOOD ALI!

ACT III.

CHORUS.

How plaintive sounds the passing bell,
Along the lengthened vale :
Responsive to the solemn knell,
Let sorrow tell her tale.

She goes, she goes, to death's cold grave,
From us for ever torn ;
That life, alas ! we cannot save,
That life in vain we mourn.

AIR.—*Zemira.*

ADIEU the splendid haunts of scornful pride and power,
The gilded palace, and the lofty tower,
The pageant suite, the flower-enamell'd dell,
Ye shady groves, and chrystal streams, farewell :
To happier scenes I go—that peaceful bourne,
Where virtue ceases evermore to mourn.

QUINTETTO.

Nigra.—Now from the tyrant free,
Gladly our hearts rejoice,
To punish him our sacred vows shall be,
Zem.—And Heaven will hear the hallow'd voice.

Chorus.—No harm shall reach thee,
 Though despot's bands were near,
 Our conquests soon shall teach
 His hostile troops to fear.

Zem. & Nig.—Come, let us quit the tower.

Chorus.—Yes; we defy his power.

Zem. & Nig.—Say, are there other succours near,
 Should the cruel foe appear?

Semi-Chorus.—Now justice our deeds befriending,
 And virtue our cause commending,
 We shall enjoy the fight,
 While truth asserts our right.

Zem. & Nig.—Ye powers above, ah! make our cause
 your own,
 Nor let our friends our cruel fate bemoan.

SONG.—*Uscola.*

THOUGH Fortune's fav'ring breezes fan,
 And grant us all our wishes;
 Yet, short would be the life of man,
 And 'twere not for the dishes.
 Nice eat the fishes, O!
 Sav'ry are the dishes, O!
 The sweetest hours that e'er I pass
 Are pass'd among the dishes, O!

And, next to them, the happiest time,
 I lead among the lasses;

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Then want I music's sweetly chime,
 The jingling of the glasses.
 These are my wishes, O!
 These, &c.
 To laugh my jolly days among
 The lasses, glasses, dishes, O!

DUET.—*Jackina and Longbow.*

Jackina.—In constancy delighting,
 No more abroad you'll roam;
 Then go not this day fighting,
 But stay with me at home.

Long.—In battle there's no danger,
 Should you vouchsafe a prayer;
 To fear I am a stranger,
 While fighting for the fair.

	<i>He.</i>	}	I'll	{	not go.
<i>Both.</i> —But no, no					
	<i>She.</i>	}	you'll	{	

She.—Say but so, *He.*—I'll not go.

She.—You'll not go.

Jackina.—In battle there's great danger;
 Then, ah! my feelings spare;
 To love you are a stranger,
 If you should venture there.

Long.—Then I'll be your protector,
 And never quit you more,

SONGS, &c. IN THE

Here, here (*kissing her*) shall be my nestar,
You all that I adore.

Both.—No, no, &c.

Both.—In constancy delighting, &c.

TRIO.—*Zemira, Nigra, and Boomley.*

Zem. & Nig.—Never absent from us be
Smiling joys of Liberty.

Boom.—Now shall Freedom's genial ray
Ever light you on your way.

Zem. & Nig.—To cherish Freedom and the fair
Is Briton's boast, is Briton's care.

Boom.—We no tyrant will obey,
But sweet Beauty's sovereign sway.

Zem. & Nig.—Now the despot's fate draws near,

Boom.—Whom to punish here I swear.

Zem. & Nig.—To valour, justice, honour true,

Boom.—Our vengeful arms shall him pursue.

Zem. & Nig.—Cheering Hope, expand your pinions,
Shield our friends from fell despair ;

Boom.—While we seize on his dominions,
And give them to the rightful heir.

All.—Justice now our cause inspiring,
Sweet revenge our bosoms firing,
Dangers vanish from the eyes,
When HEAVEN guides the enterprize.

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AIR.—*Nigra.*

LIGHT beat my heart, since we be free,
My lady pleased
No more be teased,
Den ever happy we shall be,
While waters run, and winds him blow,
And clank, clank, clank, merry cymbals go,
And clank, &c.

My soul him fill'd wid joy to see,
I tread on air,
Am free from care,
And lady happy too as me.
While waters, &c.

FINALE.—*Grand Chorus.*

Now loud the trumpet sounding,
Each heart with pleasure bounding,
Shall hail the glorious battle:
When, warm'd with Freedom's glow,
We brav'd the cannon's rattle,
And triumph'd o'er the foe.

TO HEAVEN and BRITAIN now be all the praise,
Let them alone resound with Freedom's lays.

THE END.

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